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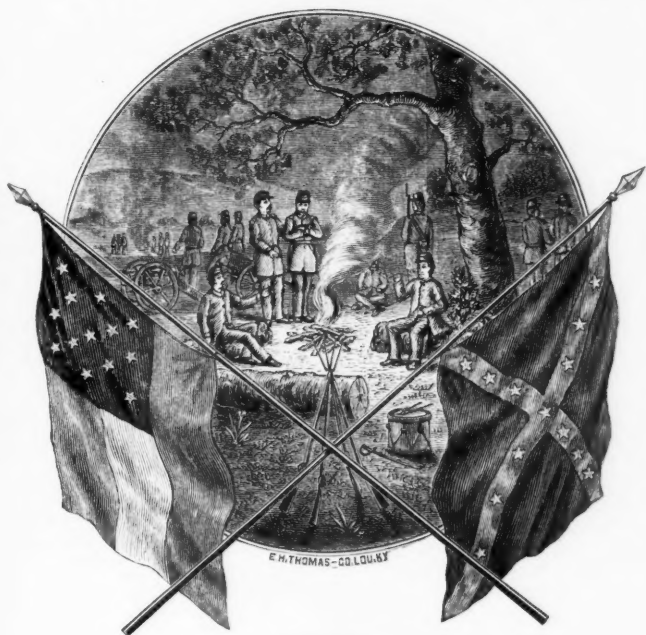
Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1883.

No. 4.

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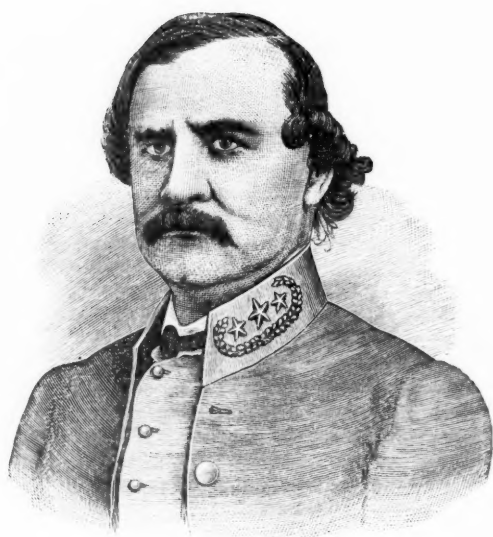
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GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM.

B. F. Cheatham was born in Nashville October 20, 1820. He was the son of Leonard P. Cheatham, postmaster at Nashville under President Jas. K. Polk's administration; his mother was Elizabeth Robertson, the granddaughter of General James Robertson, the pioneer of Middle Tennessee, and the founder of the present city of Nashville.

At the breaking out of the Mexican war, in 1846, he was among the first of the young Tennesseans to respond to the call for volunteers. He commanded a company, the Nashville Blues, in Colonel Wm. B. Campbell's First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. He shared its perils and followed its fortune, in the battles of Monterey, September, 1846, Vera Cruz, March, 1847, and Cerro Gordo, April, 1847. *At the battle of Monterey* his gallantry was conspicuous, and his action then as a youthful captain was significant of his future career.

Judge Robertson, one of the historians of the war with Mexico, states that when the order was given for the First Tennessee to assault the fort at Monterey, "Cheatham, catching the order, sprang forward to the charge crying out, 'come on men, follow me.'"

In his subsequent career, as commander of a regiment, brigade, division, and corps, his troops were stimulated by his presence and with the knowledge that he was there to lead them—not recklessly to a fruitless slaughter—but to execute orders, whatever might be the cost.

So distinguished were his services in the field, and so marked was the impression his strength of character made upon all, that in March, 1847, he was *unanimously elected colonel* of the Third Regiment Tennessee Volunteers. On its arrival at Vera Cruz in November, 1847, it was brigaded by General Wm. O. Butler with Colonel James H. Lane's Fifth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, and Colonel Richard Waterhouse's Fourth Tennessee Volunteers.

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As commander of this brigade he was entrusted with the responsible charge of conveying through a broken country, infested by guerrillas, the trains that carried supplies for Scott's army.

At the end of the Mexican war, crowned with honor and beloved by all his comrades, he resumed the pursuits of peace, and with characteristic energy devoted himself to the improvement of his estate.

More than a decade passed and again there was a *call to arms*. The old soldier who had followed his country's flag over the embattled plains of Mexico, who, with the joyous glow of youthful enthusiasm, had seen it so often wave in victory, was called upon to draw his sword against it. All the proud memories of early days protested. A loyalty that had been baptized with fire at Monterey and Cerro Gordo cried out against it. But he did not hesitate; though, like Lee, he deeply regretted the necessity that forced upon him a choice of evils.

At the beginning of the late civil war, in April, 1861, he was appointed by Governor Isham G. Harris a brigadier-general in the provisional army of Tennessee. After the transfer of the State forces to the Confederacy, he was appointed by President Davis to the same position in the Confederate States army. On the eighth of March, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of major-general.

In the organization of the Provisional Army of Tennessee, he was active, and established the camp of instruction at Union City, where he trained, disciplined, and equipped one of the finest bodies of troops, of all arms of the service, engaged in the late war. While in command of this camp, General Cheatham exhibited other great qualities outside of those of the mere technical soldier. The public mind was in a state of ferment, liberal men became violent and intolerant. Appeals were made to him daily, for the arrest of citizens suspected of disloyalty to the South; these appeals were frequent and persistent, but he had one answer to all: "This is a free country. Men must not be disturbed because of their opinions. If they are not in accord with us, all we can ask of them is to do no act of hostility during their residence inside of our lines. But I will not permit arrests for opinion's sake, and when the government of my choice requires it of me, I will abandon her service."

The district commanded by him contained a large per cent. of Union men, and this policy won many of them to our ranks and secured the good-will of all.

General Cheatham was one of the most provident soldiers. He was always on the look-out for clothing, for shoes, and for all possi-

ble comforts for his command. The result was, that his division was the best equipped one in the Army of Tennessee. If a surplus of any material was assigned to him, it was sent to the rear in charge of a disabled man until it was needed; his hospital stores were the subject of his greatest watchfulness, and were always in readiness. At Chickamauga, when the army began to maneuver for position, his field hospital was located, and it was the only one on the Confederate side approaching completeness. It was so extensive and well-arranged that complaint was made at army headquarters that Cheatham had appropriated the stores of the army, when the fact was he had simply taken care of what had been allotted to him from time to time. His list of killed and wounded at Chickamauga numbered over nineteen hundred; there was a place for every one of the wounded at the field-hospital; not one was sent to the rear. They were cared for on the field, and the per cent. of deaths was insignificant.

Cheatham commanded his own division in the fullest sense. He had an eye to the quartermaster, commissary, and medical departments, and was thoroughly conversant with the details and wants of each, and regulated them all. The men observed this, and very soon were so identified with him in feeling and sympathy, that they knew no organization but his division, and to this day the veterans of his command will tell you that they belonged to Cheatham's division, never mentioning brigade or regiment. In action he fought them as one organization, and always had their trust and confidence. They learned at the outset of the war that he had no ambition to gratify beyond the discharge of duty, and that he would never sacrifice the life of a single soldier to advance himself.

General Cheatham moved his command to New Madrid, Missouri, in August, 1861, and, after a few weeks, under orders from General Polk, he took possession of Hickman, Ky., and, in a few days thereafter, occupied Columbus, Ky. The autumn of 1861 and the following winter were spent in fortifying Columbus, and in the drill and discipline of the troops. The battle of Belmont was fought in November, 1861. General Pillow was in active command of the troops. General Grant captured Pillow's artillery and forced him to fall back. Cheatham was ordered across the river without a command. He reformed several regiments and led them forward to the attack, and gave the Federal troops the impulse to retreat and abandon the field. The Tennessee Legislature gave him a vote of thanks for services at Belmont. He commanded a division with great dis-

tion at Shiloh; and at Perryville he was particularly distinguished, also at Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge.

After the battle of Chickamauga, General Bragg dissolved Cheatham's division, and gave him a division of troops from other States, allowing him to retain one Tennessee brigade, upon the alleged ground that so large a body of troops from one State in one division, promoted too much State pride at the expense of pride in the Confederate States. When General Johnston assumed command of the army at Dalton, one of his first acts was to restore the old organization.

The order to this effect created unbounded enthusiasm in the division, and with one impulse the men marched to army headquarters with a band of music and called for General Johnston. General Cheatham escorted him from his room to the front door, and presented him to his command with a heartiness as genuine as it was unmilitary. Placing his hand upon the bare head of the chief of the army, he patted it two or three times; looking at the men, he said: "Boys, this is old Jo." This was a presentation speech to captivate the soldiers' hearts; they called their own chief "old Frank," and it meant that here is another to trust and to love.

In the Georgia campaign his services were just as conspicuous. The repulse of the Federal assault upon his line at Kennesaw mountain, will always be remembered for its vigor on one side, and for the calm determination and stubborn resistance displayed by the other, made with numbers so superior as to appall any but troops under proper command.

General Cheatham was especially careful of the rights of citizens; trespasses upon their property were never permitted. He marched his command many hundreds of miles, and never permitted the destruction of a fence, or the unlawful appropriation of any species of property. Upon one occasion marching through north Georgia, an aged couple, man and wife, halted him in the early morning as the troops were moving out, and informed him that during the previous night all the sheep owned by them had been stolen by the soldiers; the entire army had camped around them, and they knew not against whom to charge it; the matter was hurriedly investigated, the loss was established. General Cheatham said to the old people, "can you replace the sheep?" the old man replied, "if I had the money I might do so, but it will take two hundred and fifty dollars, and I have not a dollar." There was no one present but the old couple, the General, and one other. The story of poverty was a touching one; the

general was visibly affected, and quietly drawing his pocket book, counted out the money in the hands of the old man, and mounting his horse rode away.

During the siege of Atlanta, the commanding general being disabled, Cheatham was taken from Hardee's and placed in command of Stewart's corps, and upon the assignment of General Hardee to the command of Charleston and its defenses, he was placed permanently in command of Hardee's corps, and so continued until its surrender. His assault of the Federal line of works at Franklin, Tennessee, with the divisions commanded by Cleburne and John C. Brown, was made with deliberation, and with full knowledge of its difficulties; it was executed with steadiness and determination, and with a valor not excelled in modern warfare.

He commanded his corps at the unfortunate battle of Nashville, and there and upon its retreat to the South, was the same gallant and watchful soldier.

After the close of the war, March 15th, 1866, General Cheatham was married in Nashville to Miss Anna Bell Robertson, a daughter of Colonel A. B. Robertson, for many years a leading citizen and successful merchant of Nashville.

Since the war, he has been a quiet, hard-working farmer. In 1872, he received the unanimous nomination of the State Convention of the Democratic party for Congressman of the State at large, and was defeated by the independent candidacy of ex-President Johnson, who carried just votes enough to secure the election of a Republican. Two years later, he was appointed Superintendent of Prisons by his friend, Governor James D. Porter, and held it for four years in the most acceptable manner; his first act of administration was to abolish the use of the lash, and if he had accomplished nothing more, this single act was enough to commend him to the good opinion of all humane people; but, with the aid of his enlightened assistants, he inspired the convicts to a new life by the practice of humane and friendly acts, taught them that they were not entirely friendless, and made them cheerful and ready to perform their tasks without an overseer.

General Cheatham is genial and affectionate, and has troops of friends; he is modest, and too unpretending. During the late war he never asked for promotion, and has never paraded his performances. If mistakes were made by his subordinates, he was always ready to overlook them, and this was the defect in his character as a soldier. On several important occasions he was made to bear the

burden of these mistakes, because, in the kindness of his heart, he would not expose their authors.

When the part taken by Tennessee in the late war is written, he will be named as her representative soldier and none can dispute his title.

"ZOLLICOFFER."

First in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell his story.

For the blood, that flowed from his hero heart
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament,
In the holy cause he cherished!

In Heaven a home with the brave and bless'd,
And for his soul's sustaining
The apocalyptic eyes of Christ—
And nothing on earth remaining,

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,
A name in song and story—
And Fame to shout, with her brazen voice,
"He died on the field of glory!"

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Two great battles of the civil war seem to command an especial interest denied the others. Many fields as bloody and not less important in results have passed out of the popular recollection, but the names of these are still familiar. While the memories of the dire struggle are growing dim even in the minds of its veterans, and a generation, which knew little or nothing of its actual conduct, regards its general history with the indifference the busy present usually feels for the dead past, there yet lingers a wish to hear all that may be told of Shiloh and Gettysburg, and something like the curiosity which contemporary events attract is entertained for them.

The ordinary incidents which in the imagination are attached to war and battle—the mere "pomp and pride" and conflict and car-

nage will not serve to explain this feeling. It is not because so many brave, ardent lives were lost on the slope of "Cemetery Ridge," or amid the tangled brakes of the "Hornet's Nest." Death was dealt as relentlessly in many another terrible engagement now forgotten or never mentioned; and the bitter, rankling animosity such sacrifices kindle, induces not a remembrance of particular combats so much as an angry recollection of the whole ghastly strife. The reason for it is to be found in the peculiar impression which these battles made upon the popular mind North and South when they were fought, and the associations which have always been connected with them. They excited something more than the hope or fear, exultation, disappointment, or resentment which reported victory or defeat ordinarily occasion. They were regarded as typical battles which might serve to illustrate how the tide of conflict would flow; and if the experience which both sides had acquired ere Gettysburg caused auguries more correct to be drawn from that tremendous trial, nevertheless the oracle uttered at Shiloh certain truths which could not be misunderstood.

Gettysburg was the first and the last real battle fought on Northern soil and within the territory of a State unquestionably loyal. When it was over, and General Lee retired beyond the Potomac, the North knew and the South was compelled to realize, that the war would be confined henceforth, as it had been before, to Southern territory. The one lost all fear of invasion, the other abandoned all hope of relief from the horrors of invasion.

THE FIRST SERIOUS BATTLE.

Shiloh was the first serious battle fought at all, either in the east or west. All those previously delivered were mere skirmishes in comparison. It opened the eyes of the people of both sections to the true nature of the business which they had on hand. It taught each the mettle of the other, and from that date Federal and Confederate entertained a wholesome respect for his adversary, very different from the vainglorious nonsense with which each took the field. The Northern soldier no longer anticipated an almost bloodless promenade to the Gulf, and an only ninety days' term of service. Gone and dissipated forever was the Southern soldier's pleasing delusion that "one of our boys" could "whip three Yankees." When that terrible grapple on the banks of the Tennessee had closed, the ground, "drenched with fraternal blood" and covered with more than twenty thousand dead and wounded men, bore startling testimony to

the character of the contest, and the boldest might well hold their breath, appalled at the fierce work of the future.

If, after Shiloh, the soldiers of the contending armies realized the sort of fighting which was before them; if the two peoples were no less thoroughly aroused to an appreciation of the tedious and tremendous strain to which their patience and energies would be subjected, it is also the fact that the respective governments knew, for the first time, how vast were the difficulties and strenuous the task with which each was confronted. In short, that which people, soldiery, and administration on either side had fondly believed would be a brief and almost bloodless campaign, resulting in easy victory and comparatively innocuous triumph, suddenly gave proof that it was but the beginning of a stubborn and exhausting warfare of years, the cost of which, in life and treasure, no man could compute. Both sides could find reason for pride in the conduct of the battle; but its result was, in some measure, a disappointment to each. The North, despite her measureless confidence in her resources and numbers and her just reliance on the resolution and fortitude of the hardy volunteers who filled her ranks, discovered that she had underrated her antagonist, and success, if certain in the end, was nevertheless remote. "The best proof of what conclusions were drawn from the conduct and issue of the battle, is found in the entire change of Federal tactics from that day. The bayonet was exchanged for the spade, and the grand march was turned into a siege of the South."

The South, on the other hand, learned there and then that the permanent invasion which she deemed impossible was an accomplished fact; that the Federal columns which had penetrated her territory were not to be so inevitably routed and rolled back so soon as struck by her massed armies, as she had implicitly believed. The extent and tenacity of the Northern purpose was suddenly revealed to her, and history will record of her people that, putting aside the dreamy folly and braggart humor of the earlier days of the Confederacy, they bent their whole strength to an effort indeed worthy to be called heroic. General Albert Sidney Johnston had been, immediately upon his arrival at Richmond, assigned to the command of "Department Number Two," embracing the whole territory of the Southern Confederacy west of the Alleghanies. Early in the fall of 1861 he established his line in Kentucky, with its center at Bowling Green, and stretching from the Virginia border to Columbus, on the Mississippi river. He was never able, however, to collect troops in sufficient force to adequately man this line without

being compelled, in so doing, to strip every other important point in his department of necessary garrisons. This position, in some respects strong and advantageous, had one serious strategic defect. The Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, emptying into the Ohio, their mouths in the possession of the Federal forces, might, at any time, be ascended by gunboats and fleets of transports carrying an army larger than Johnston's entire effective force; and if a combined attack, by land and water, on the forts erected to guard these streams should be successful, the integrity of the Confederate line would not only be so compromised as to compel a retreat, but, unless that retreat was prompt, rapid, and continued until General Johnston again confronted the invading army, the latter might penetrate into the very heart of the department, and, effectually preventing any concentration of the troops organized for its defense, easily beat them in detail, or compel their disbandment. This part of the line was, in fact, attacked and broken. In February, General Grant assaulted and with the aid of the gunboats reduced both forts—Henry, on the Tennessee, and Donelson, on the Cumberland—capturing the garrisons, amounting, in the aggregate, to very nearly one-third of the whole effective strength which General Johnston had, at any time, been enabled to make available for the maintenance of his line. General Johnston instantly evacuated Bowling Green; indeed, he commenced his retreat before the fall of Donelson, and the only policy which offered any hope of remedying the great injury inflicted on the Confederate arms in that quarter was, without hesitation, adopted. Comprehending the full extent of the disaster just suffered, and of the impending danger, he acted with the promptness, decision, and energy which characterize great commanders.

He perceived, with quick and clear sagacity, that Kentucky and Tennessee were alike lost to him by the blow which had just fallen on his left flank. They could not be saved, but they might be regained.

But an even greater peril and more irretrievable disaster menaced his department. The fall of Fort Henry having given the Tennessee river to the use of the Federal generals, it was certain that they would promptly transport an army to the point most available for further rapid and decisive offensive operations. He at once divined that their plan would be to seize Corinth, at the junction of the Mobile & Ohio and Memphis & Charleston railroads. The forces intended for that operation, he felt sure, would be disembarked at Pittsburg Landing, thirty miles from Corinth. If Corinth was occu-

pied by these forces, while he still lingered in Tennessee with the troops which had been stationed at Bowling Green and the other points in Kentucky, all chance of concentrating his army, of massing all his available strength, would, as has already been indicated, be lost; he could never hope to be in a condition to deliver successful and decisive battle, and his scattered fragments would become hopelessly fugitive, or, one by one, fall easy prey to vastly superior numbers. There is good reason for believing that even previous to the capture of Henry and Donelson, and three months before the battle of Shiloh, General Johnston had foreseen the military situation which I have attempted to describe, and even predicted that battle and its exact locality. Colonel Frank Schaller, who commanded the Twenty-second Mississippi Infantry and than whom no more intelligent and reliable officer nor honorable gentleman served in the Confederacy, has written this singular and interesting statement of a conversation which occurred at General Johnston's Headquarters at Bowling Green, in January, 1862, between Generals Johnston, Bowen, and himself:

"The engineers who had been ordered by General A. S. Johnston to survey the course of the Tennessee river as far as Florence, Ala., where its navigation is impeded, had completed their labors and submitted a fine military map to the general commanding. In front of this map the General and Colonel Bowen were standing, the former giving evidently an explanation of its military position. In the course of their conversation General Johnston directed Colonel Bowen's attention to a position upon this map, which had been marked by the engineers 'Shiloh Church,' and concluding his remarks, he laid his finger upon this spot, and quietly but impressively pronounced the following words, or words to this effect: '*Here the great battle of the South-west will be fought.*'

Colonel Tate, of Memphis, relates a conversation which clearly shows that this purpose was formed by General Johnston at an early date. He says: "As soon after the fall of Donelson as practicable, I repaired to General A. S. Johnston's headquarters, to confer with him as to his probable future wants in railroad transportation, my appointment on his staff having been made, as he informed me, principally with reference to this branch of duty. I met him at Murfreesboro, where he had arrived the day previous. I well remember our interview which began by my frankly avowing no wish to inquire into his future plans, but that I thought it my duty, under the changed state of the campaign since I had seen him, to learn as far he as

thought proper to inform me, what provision he desired me to make, if any, in my transportation department, for the use of his army. He replied: 'I have no desire to conceal my plans from you. It is my purpose to concentrate all the troops which the government will permit at Corinth, and there, or in that vicinity, fight a decisive battle as soon as possible.'"

There can be no doubt, therefore, that his evacuation of Nashville immediately after that of Bowling Green, and the prosecution of his rapid retreating march, until, withdrawing every armed man from Tennessee, he had gotten his army, with a celerity astonishing when the circumstances are considered, to Corinth, was in pursuance of a plan carefully thought out weeks or months before the emergency actually arrived. On the 27th of February, he wrote Mr. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of War, that he was about to move to the defense of the Mississippi valley, and for that purpose would cross the Tennessee river near Decatur and effect a junction between the forces of which he was in immediate command, and those under General Beauregard at Columbus and Jackson. March 7, his Chief of Staff telegraphed General Beauregard: "The general understands that detachments for this army are coming east. Will you order none to pass the line of road running to Corinth?"

Columbus was evacuated March 2, and its garrison and all the troops under General Beauregard's command were at once directed to Corinth. Thither General Bragg was also ordered with the troops which he had collected and organized at Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans. He arrived shortly after the evacuation of Columbus. Price and Van Dorn were also called from Missouri, but only one regiment of these trans-Mississippi levies reached the theater of war in time to take part in the battle for which these preparations were being made. On the 25th of March the concentration of the Confederate forces was completed, and their commander resolved to assume the immediate offensive, conscious that he could hope little further accession of strength from delay, while every day would add largely to the number of his enemy. While these movements were in progress on the part of the Confederates, General Halleck, who had been placed in command of all the Federal armies in the West, appears to have been in doubt, and therefore indecisive and dilatory. With a general purpose of aggressive operations, he seems to have halted between various opinions, and to have been reluctant to commit himself to any definite and positive plan. It can scarcely be doubted that had he resolved instantly upon the fall of Forts Henry

and Donelson and the opening of the Tennessee, to strike at Corinth, he could have done so successfully. Fort Donelson fell about the middle of February. Henry had been taken some days previously. General Bideau, speaking of the capture of Donelson, and the forces engaged there, says:

"On the last day of the fight Grant had twenty-seven thousand men whom he could have put into the battle; some few regiments of these were not engaged. Other re-enforcements arrived on the sixteenth, after the surrender, swelling his numbers still further."

The entire fleet of gunboats and transports was free to be employed on either river, and both were open and safe. General Halleck had at his disposal other troops which could have been immediately united with those already with General Grant, making the latter's column fully fifty thousand strong. It does not appear that there was any difficulty on the score of supplies, or that these forces could not have been moved then as easily and conveniently as three weeks later. If Halleck had appreciated the situation as instinctively and thoroughly as Johnston did, the battle of Shiloh would never have been fought; the delivery of battle on a grand scale would have been rendered impossible to the Confederates of the West, and the greater portion of the territory included in Johnston's department would have been promptly reduced to submission, or, if resistance had continued, it would have been, not regular and organized, but a guerrilla warfare. A glance at the map will show the reader that from Fort Henry—only some twelve miles distant from Donelson—the Federal forces had a direct water route to Pittsburg Landing, only thirty miles from Corinth, shorter by more than one-half than the distance which Johnston was compelled to march by land in order to reach the same objective point. Moreover his line of march was necessarily circuitous, and Buell, had that general been instructed to press him vigorously, might possibly have intercepted him at Decatur with an army superior in numbers and material. At any rate, it may be confidently asserted that a rapid and determined movement for the seizure of Corinth, inaugurated on the 18th of February with the troops which General Halleck had readily available for any service upon which he might choose to employ them, must have succeeded. General Johnston could not possibly have reached Corinth in time to meet it, and Beauregard was numerically too weak to have opposed or even temporarily delayed it.

But instead of one vigorous and resolute operation conducted with his collected, concentrated strength, Halleck projected two partial

movements, and actually directed a feeble and incomplete execution of that one which promised the more important and decisive results. On the 18th of February he sent Pope against New Madrid with eight divisions, aggregating probably not less than twenty-five thousand men. This was the sheerest waste of time and effort, for Corinth in his possession, New Madrid, Memphis, and every point of like situation would have fallen into his hands as a matter of course; if not evacuated their capture would have been certain and easy. It was not until the 10th of March that Grant's column was pushed up the Tennessee, and on the 13th four divisions were assembled at Savannah, seven miles below Pittsburg Landing. But the instructions given General Grant by Halleck were more like those intended to prescribe the work of a cavalry raid, than to direct an army in a great and decisive operation. He said: "The main object of this expedition will be to destroy the railroad bridge over Bear Creek, near Eastport, Mississippi, and also the connections at Corinth, Jackson, and Humboldt. It is thought best that these objects be attempted in the order named. Strong detachments of cavalry and light artillery, supported by infantry, may, by rapid movements, reach these points from the river without very serious opposition. Avoid general engagements with strong forces. It will be better to retreat than to risk a general battle. This should be strongly impressed upon the officers sent with the expedition to the river. General C. F. Smith, or some very discreet officer, should be selected for such commands. Having accomplished these objects, or such of them as may be practicable, you will return to Danville and move on Paris."

There may have been sound military reasons why such a programme was safer and surer of successful fruit, than the establishment of the strongest Federal army which could have been collected at Corinth, which should not have avoided battle with the scattered Confederate fragments, but should have improved every opportunity to strike them. Possibly the difficulty of supplying such a force from the river may have been deemed a grave one, and, with similar objections, may have prevented its serious consideration; but General Johnston feared just such an occupation of Corinth, when he strained every nerve to reach that point before a general concentration of all the Federal masses should suggest, and, in a measure, compel the movement in spite of every seeming difficulty.

Colonel William P. Johnston, in his excellent biography of his father, has carefully compared all the data, and has written an elabo-

rate and very able narrative of this campaign. He says, in relation to the question I have been discussing :

"Halleck's ultimate objective point was Memphis, which he expected to reach by forcing a column down the Mississippi, and the movement up the Tennessee was, at first, only subsidiary. It was meant to cut the communications from Memphis east, and to prevent re-enforcements to the Confederates on the Mississippi. Afterward, when the concentration at Corinth was reported to him, with wonderful exaggerations of the Confederate strength—one hundred thousand to two^h hundred thousand men—he determined to mass Buell and Grant against the army at that point, and Buell was ordered, March 15th, to unite his forces with Grant's, a movement previously suggested by him."

But events were controlled and the strategic situation determined by a law as certain and irresistible as that of gravitation, and in the latter part of March, 1862, two great armies were massed in this vicinity—the one to assail, the other to protect the vitally important system of communications, of which Corinth was the key.

THE BATTLE GROUND.

The ground upon which the battle of Shiloh was fought is situated upon the south bank of the Tennessee river, and is inclosed between two small streams, tributaries of the Tennessee, which, rising in the swampy region between Corinth and that river, flow nearly parallel to each other in a north-easterly direction. The names of these two little muddy affluents of the Tennessee, Owl creek and Lick creek, have become historic, for along their banks came the impetuous Confederate attack; between them stretched the stubborn Union line, when, after its first recoil from the unexpected rush of its foe, it settled down to its work of tenacious resistance; within the limited area which their sluggish waters define was fought out one of the fiercest and, for the numbers engaged, bloodiest struggles of modern warfare—that marvelous combat wherein two newly-levied and untrained armies delivered or sustained an energetic and unintermitted conflict of two days; in which raw recruits, as yet scarcely initiated in the usages of the camp and totally inexperienced in the ordeal of battle, strove with the unflinching constancy of veterans accustomed to victory and a spirited, bitter combativeness almost exceptional.

These creeks are about three miles apart at the point where the battle commenced, the distance between them widening as they approach the river to some five or five and a half miles. Lick creek,

upon which the Confederate right rested, flows from this point in an almost direct and undeviating course to the river, while Owl creek trends suddenly and sharply northward. The Tennessee river, making an abrupt bend some four or five miles above Pittsburg Landing, and perhaps two above the mouth of Lick creek, flows almost due north for eight or ten miles. Shiloh church, from which the battle took its name, is about two and a half miles west of Pittsburg Landing, and nearly equidistant from the two creeks.

The ground thus included between the two small streams, so often mentioned, and the river, is a plateau elevated some eighty or one hundred feet above the immediately surrounding country. The Federal army was assembled here, consisting of the six divisions of Sherman, Hurlbut, Lew. Wallace, W. H. L. Wallace, Prentiss and McClernand. It was commanded by General Grant, whose headquarters were at Savannah. The strength of this army, like that of its antagonist, has been variously estimated. General Sherman, in his memoirs, states that the five divisions actually engaged, exclusive of Lew. Wallace's, "aggregated about thirty-two thousand men." He furnished no field return, however, even of his own division, and his estimate must, therefore, be taken as merely conjectural.

General Buell has estimated its numbers at sixty thousand, an aggregate of all arms, and of the sick and detailed men, as well as the effective file; but the best and most accurate data, furnished by the reports filed in the office of the Secretary of War, indicate that General Grant commanded at the date of the battle, forty-nine thousand three hundred and fourteen men, present and fit for duty, from which, to arrive at the numbers which actually participated in the first day's fighting, must be deducted the division of General Lew. Wallace, fully eight thousand strong. It will be shown that the attacking Confederate forces numbered but a few hundred less than forty thousand men; so that on the first day of Shiloh the contending armies were very nearly equal in numerical strength.

PURPOSE OF GENERAL JOHNSTON.

General Johnston arrived in person at Corinth on the 24th of March, and immediately applied himself to preparation, not for defensive operations, but for attack. To assail Grant first, Buell afterward, beating both in detail, was the plan, to accomplish which he bent every energy of a strong will and commanding, resourceful intellect. He had resolved to turn his retreat into an advance; and, his concentration successfully effected, he had "wisely determined," said General Bragg, commenting subsequently upon his policy, al-

though "against the advice of some of his best and ablest commanders," to assume the aggressive, "and there risk his own fate and that of the cause he sustained."

He had quite accurate information of the Federal movements, and a very fair idea of the strength of the forces at Pittsburg Landing. He knew that Buell was approaching with an army nearly as large as that of Grant. Although Buell brought to Shiloh less than thirty thousand men, he had commenced his march from Nashville, on the 15th of March, with a much stronger column, reduced to the figure just given by detachments, the most important of which was one of eighteen thousand men, dispatched under General Mitchell to threaten Florence. Despite his lively appreciation of the value of time, and necessity of prompt action in order to anticipate Buell's arrival and strike the blow he meditated against Grant before the latter's strength was doubled by the coming re-enforcements, Johnston was compelled to give nearly ten days to the organization of his army, hastily assembled as it was from so many quarters; nor could he venture to move until its equipment and armament had been carefully revised, and the absolutely necessary transportation provided. It may be remarked just here that the expression so often used about the troops of both these armies, that they were "raw" and inexperienced men, is true in the fullest and most literal sense. Very few of them had ever been under fire, and those who could boast that record doubtless were afterward inclined to think that such combats as Belmont and Donelson were scarcely antetypes of Shiloh. Many of them had been furnished their arms only a few weeks previous to the date of the battle, and while all of the regimental organizations had received some instruction and drill, perhaps none had reached any marked degree of proficiency. But they possessed natural qualities which largely compensated for this deficiency in matters even so important. They were all of that breed of born soldiers—the early volunteers—who rushed to the field long before the draft or the conscription had been thought of—the flower and expectancy of the population of both sections. Discipline and veteranship were yet to render these blue clad and gray jacketed ranks well-nigh invincible, but even in this period of callow soldiership their high spirit, native courage, and untaught prowess made them ready, rapid, and formidable combatants.

Although Buell had marched very rapidly for some two weeks after he started from Nashville, he was not urged to unusual activity as he neared the scene of impending conflict, and, indeed, received

instructions from General Halleck calculated to induce the impression that General Grant was in no danger of attack, and to delay rather than hasten his arrival.

Colonel Johnston, speaking of the period occupied by his father at Corinth in the preparation for the dash upon Grant, says: "It was known that Buell was advancing, and the time taken for reorganization and armament had to be measured by his movements. If these would permit it, a little time would make the Confederate army, re-enforced by Van Dorn, compact and terrible. If, however, he pressed on, the blow must be struck without waiting for Van Dorn. * * * The attack was ordered within two hours after Buell's advance was reported."

On the 3d of April orders were issued to the Confederate corps commanders to hold their men ready to march at a moment's notice with five days' rations, and one hundred rounds of ammunition. In the afternoon of that day the movement began. While the country between Corinth and Pittsburg Landing is intersected and crossed by a multitude of roads, they are, for the most part, so small and rugged as to afford little convenience to marching columns, and so constantly run into and merge with each other as to render them, in a great measure, useless to facilitate rapidity and freedom of movement on the part of troops advancing by means of them. A heavy and continuous fall of rain about this time contributed to make them still worse, and they became, indeed, almost impassable to those in the rear. These disadvantages, combined with the inexperience of both men and officers, rendered the march much slower than was expected, and produced a delay which proved fatal to General Johnston's plan. Hardee, in command of the Third corps, marched in advance by the Ridge road, known as the Bark road, after passing Mickey's. General Bragg, with the Second corps, marched by the direct road to Pittsburg, passing through Monterey. One of the divisions composing General Polk's corps (the First) was instructed to follow Hardee, on the Ridge road, at a short interval, but to halt at Mickey's, where the Monterey road intersects the Bark road, in order that Bragg's corps, when it reached Mickey's, might fall in immediately in the rear of Hardee's, as it was intended that it should form the second line of battle. The other division, under Cheatham, had been on outpost duty on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, at a point about fifteen miles from Mickey's. He was ordered to be in position as the left wing of Polk's corps (the third line of battle), on the morning of the 5th. The reserve, consisting of three brigades under

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Breckinridge, was ordered to move from Burnsville at three A.M., April 4th, and march through Monterey to Mickey's. This position, known as "Mickey's," was, it will be seen, the point of concentration. It is about seven miles from the river, and General Johnston intended that his entire strength should be arrayed there by three or four A.M., on the morning of the 5th, and should instantly move to the attack. He thus hoped to commence the battle at least two days before the arrival of Buell.

The terrible condition of the roads, however, certain misapprehensions of orders, and the inevitable confusion attendant upon the first movement in mass of a raw army, just organized into divisions and corps, cost him precious time. Two corps, and part of another, were on the ground assigned them by nine A.M. of the 5th, but all had not come up, and the lines were not formed until four P.M., too late to begin the battle on that day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

We left Captain Ross descending the lookout tree, near the Indian encampment, upon the island in the sawgrass. Toward the north and north-east dense masses of smoke were slowly ascending, while the fierce crackling sounds of the leaping flames, as they surged madly on through the dry sawgrass, could be plainly heard by the anxious rangers, as they remained grouped around the root of the tree awaiting their captain's descent. The captain's heart beat quickly within his breast; not with cowardice, for that was an emotion of which he was as wholly void as any man living, but with excitement born of the surrounding circumstances, and the fear lest the time for averting the impending danger was too limited for action. He, therefore, came down with all the haste possible, entirely regardless of torn clothes or scratched limbs; his only object was to reach the ground in the quickest period of time. His mind was in active operation during his descent, and by the time he touched the ground he had formed his plan of operations. The men at the creek would have to shift for themselves. One of the fastest runners in the command had been sent to warn them of the approaching danger. The moment the captain was on his feet he directed his men, in those short, quick, and sharply-defined tones of command, born of moments of excitement and which brook no delay in execution, to betake

themselves rapidly to the northern side of the island, and prepare to fight the new foe who had thus presented himself with such fiery impetuosity. The men understood what was meant, as it were, by intuition. Many a time in the old days had they fought fire with fire, in the defense of their homes and fields, for it is a custom originating, perhaps, with the hunters and herdsmen of Florida, to fire the woods every spring, thereby burning off the old and toughened grass and herbage, and preparing the way for a new growth of young and tender shoots, to supply the wants of the cattle and game. It, therefore, needed but the word of command to give direction to their energies. It needed but a word of information as to the nature of the danger approaching them to suggest to their minds the necessary preventive; so that when the word of command fell from the lips of their captain a short and rapid run brought them to their posts on the edge of the sawgrass, and, scattered along its margin, every man was soon engaged in clearing a narrow space between the grass and the wooded island, preparatory to laying a train of fire; and before the circumstance could be accurately described a half-dozen men could be seen running along this cleared path with blazing palmetto leaves, strewing the fire along its outer edge among the sawgrass, while others stood ready with green branches, broken from the neighboring bushes, to beat out such patches of fire as might cross the cleared space and seek to reach the island. It was not long in catching, and pretty soon a great wave of flame could be seen rolling away from the island, going to meet that other tide of fire which now, but a short distance away, was approaching with giant strides, and threatening destruction to every obstacle opposing its onward progress. This process of fighting fire with fire was carried on until the island was made perfectly safe from the destroying element; but the smoke was suffocating. It penetrated and settled everywhere. It finally became so overpowering that the only relief open to the men was by lying prone upon the ground. The only pure air to be had was next to the surface of the earth. All other places were swallowed up in the dense masses of curling and eddying smoke, which nearly hid the heavens from view, and rendered life almost unbearable. But the results achieved were successful. The fires met, and, consuming all else, were themselves consumed by the lack of fuel. But it was some time before the smoke cleared away and the ground became sufficiently cooled to be walked over. In the meanwhile, the killed were buried. After this was done the word of command was given to get ready for marching, and soon the company were seen picking their way gingerly along the

path they had come toward the creek where the guard had been left. How different the scene looked to what it had as they passed over it in the morning. Where had waved the tall, green-gray grass nothing could now be seen, as far as the eye could reach, but a black and smoking plain. It appeared as though the whole earth had been bereft of its vegetation by the consuming fire, while up in the blue sky a black speck was seen, then another, and another, until in the space of a half hour the whole northern sky seemed darkened with hordes of vultures swooping down in search of the prey which their instinct taught them had been left in the destructive path of the fire.

The rangers were soon at the bridge where they found their comrades safe. These had secured themselves from the fire by getting down into the creek under the logs composing the bridge, where they were comparatively safe from the fire, but were very muddy and wet from their waists down. They had been compelled to remain in the water until the fire passed over. After a short march they reached the open prairie at the spot where the horses had been left, but neither man nor horse was visible, look they ever so much.

"What in the world can have become of our horses?" said Dolly Golding. "Right here is whar we left 'em."

"Take a good look, Tom," said the captain, "all around. I believe you have the best pair of eyes in the command. Can you see them?"

Tom strained his vision around the entire horizon, but not a living thing met his gaze.

"I can't see a thing of 'em, cap'en," he observed after a long pause. "They must have gone off in this direction," pointing toward the swamp after scanning the burnt ground sharply. "Here's tracks moving off that way, but they must have been done before the fire. They was done before the fire, for see here, cap'en, whar the burnt grass is leaning over untrod in these here horse-tracks. And Dolly, here's your old mare's track; see the print of her broken hoof. This way, boys, here they goes," and Tom moved off, head bent, toward the swamp.

"I don't understand this movement," said Lieutenant Weeks. "You gave them positive commands, captain, to keep in the open prairie, and here we find them doing directly the opposite of what they were told to do."

"Well," said Tom, "my own opinion is, the fire run them in thar, and we'll find 'em safe and sound enough when we reach the swamp. They may be on the other side waiting for us. There may

be some Injun deviltry in all this, for aught we know. But let's look first and talk arterward." And Tom increased his stride, for he was becoming quite anxious about the horses. It wouldn't be a very pleasant thing to be left in this wilderness without horses and without eatables. Everything they had, except their guns and ammunition, was with the horses. Should they be separated from these for any length of time, they would, indeed, be in a poor condition.

"By golly!" said Golding, "I ain't got even a chew of terbacker. The last piece I had, Tom and I chewed while we was fighting that infernal fire. What 'll we do, boys, in case the horses has left us in the lurch?"

"Come, come, Dolly, don't you go to prophesying evil," said Sergeant Wall, "it's bad enough without croaking. I guess the horses is all right."

"But how can they be all right," replied Dolly, "if you can't see nothing on 'em. Where do you think they are hid, sergeant?"

"Why, it's my idee," answered the sergeant, "that we 'll find 'em in the swamp."

"That ain't likely," cried Dolly, "cause if they were thar we'd a seen something of them before now. The fire is done burning, and it's about time they should be on the lookout for our return; but cuss me if there's a hide or a hoof to be seen anywhar. It's my opinion the Injuns have got ahead of them boys, and them horses has been driv somewhar."

The conversation was here interrupted by the captain calling a halt. His suspicions had become aroused and he deemed it best to act carefully. They were now nearing the swamp and it was best to be on the watch against surprises; so he called a halt and ordered Corporal Golding forward with a detail of skirmishers. The corporal deployed his squad and moved cautiously forward. When within a hundred yards of the brush he ordered a double quick, and under a sharp run the men gained the covert without developing the enemy or any other cause of alarm. They were soon followed by the main body. The swamp was penetrated and passed through, but no discovery made; but when the troop issued from the farther side, they were attracted by the swarms of vultures (the tropical buzzard) which were circling and descending to the ground some quarter of a mile off in the open prairie. They could see things upon the ground around which the buzzards were flopping and fighting, but what they were, the distance was too great to distinguish, nor, though speculation was rife, did any one of them form the slightest idea as to the

reality of what had happened. Not one of them had the least suspicion of the truth as it lay exposed in the open prairie. On a line with the buzzards and toward the north-east, they could see moving objects, which they at once concluded were the horses they were seeking. With one accord they marched briskly forward, and soon were near enough to see what it was the buzzards were after. And oh, ghastly sight! There lay the corpses of five of their comrades, and the dead bodies of seven of the horses.

Tom was the first one to reach the spot. "Here has been bloody work, captain," he said; "those red devils have sarcumvented the boys in some way. See, captain, here's poor Johnny Clifton, one of the best and lightest-hearted boys in the whole company—poor Johnny!" and the honest fellow wiped a tear from his eyes with the rough sleeve of his jacket; "what'll his poor mother do now? Johnny was the only child the widow had."

"Too true," said Captain Ross; "poor boy! Who will tell his mother of her great loss? The last thing she said as we came away was, 'Captain, be kind to my boy; he is the widow's son, and the only prop of my old age.' And now he lies there cold and stiff—food for the vultures, if we had not found him in time."

The men gathered around, their hearts filled with grief, for they all loved Johnny. His bright face and pleasant laughter had cheered and encouraged them many a time when tired and worn out they felt downcast and solemn. His patient courage and cheerful performance of duty had shamed many an older man who felt discontented and rebellious. There he lay—dead—and beside him four of his comrades. Their position and the surrounding circumstances showed that they had lost their lives in the discharge of their duty, but the loss of none of them affected the troop so powerfully as did that of poor Johnny Clifton. Their tender melancholy soon gave way to the desire of vengeance, and the sullen indignation and muttered vows of revenge soon stirred the men to action.

"Come, my boys," said the captain, "let us be stirring. It will not do to give way to sorrow. This scene," pointing to the dead bodies strewed around, "shows us that time is precious—that we have something to do and no moments to lose in idle repining. Our first duty is to the dead; let us bury them, and then—"

"Yes, then!" muttered Lieutenant Weeks.

"Then," continued the captain, "we will never stop until we have avenged our friends."

The dead were buried as well as it could be done at the time and

place; then, with sorrowful but determined hearts, our rangers took the track of the foe, and marched onward over the prairie in the direction of the moving objects, which they had thought to be the horses.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

PART II.

Weeks passed, during which the soldier's wife slowly but surely gathered the strength and health necessary to carry out the resolution she had formed, to join her husband, and, it might be, to labor for the cause she so loved. The unceasing ministrations of her mother strengthened alike soul and body. And as Essie read in that dear face a love and devotion she knew could never fail, she felt many a bitter pang at the thought of the parting that *must be*.

One evening she found the courage necessary to tell her mother of her plans and hopes. To her surprise, the noble woman heard her calmly. "I had expected this," she said. "It is right—you must go; but oh! not now, not soon," and in uncontrollable agitation she left the room. Two days later the subject was resumed, and ways and means were discussed. The mother's face grew paler as that of her child brightened and glowed with returning health and hope. She pleaded to keep little Wally, but Essie feared lest his young heart might receive, among the enemies of Southern liberty, impressions which could not be effaced. He must not be left. * * *

Upon the eve of the battle of Manassas, Essie and her boy started on their hazardous journey. The utmost secrecy had been observed. No baggage could be allowed. The devoted mother converted quite a large sum into gold, which, stitched into a broad belt, was sewed around the waist of the traveler. One bright morning the two ladies with Wally, seated themselves in the carriage as if for their usual drive. There were no leave-takings, no appearance of anything unusual. Once on the road, they were rapidly driven to a railroad depot in a distant town, where they were little known, and here Essie and her boy took the train, while the desolate mother returned homeward, alone.

* * * * *

Arrived in Baltimore, our heroine found herself among those whose hearts were filled with ardent love of "The Cause," and

bitter hatred for the soldiers who had, in spite of their heroic resistance, so lately passed through the streets of their city on their way to subjugate the South. The rebel wife was enthusiastically received. All were ready to assist her, but at this juncture it seemed impossible to pass the Federal lines.

The great battle of Manassas had been decided. The wildest excitement prevailed. Flying soldiers were everywhere. Almost every hour the sound of fife and drum was heard, as shattered regiments and decimated battalions marched through the streets. Although all expression of feeling, among the citizens, was sternly repressed, the mask of sullen indifference was known to be *but a mask*. Hearts beneath were bounding with pride, and joy, and hope. Almost without exception houses were closed and devoid of all appearance of life. Yet, behind those closely-shut blinds, women embraced each other with tempestuous joy, or paced the floor in uncontrollable agitation, or knelt in earnest prayer, mingling thanksgivings with agonized petitions for those whose fate was yet unknown. Mothers, sisters, wives strove, with trembling lips, to comfort each other, bidding the voice of patriotism be heard above the "tempest of the heart." In the midst of all this excitement Essie's interests were never lost sight of. Secret meetings were held, and various plans discussed. At last, one day a note was received inviting our heroine and her friends to spend a social evening at the house of "one of the faithful." A casual observer would have discovered nothing more than a few lines of invitation, still the paper bore a private mark which made the heart of the anxious wife beat with hope.

Arrived at the house indicated, where seemed to be only an ordinary gathering of friends, she found it difficult to appear at ease and watched eagerly for developments. Not a sign or a word was given, however, until after supper, when the ladies repaired (as usual) to the dressing-room up-stairs to rearrange their toilets. Instead of entering with the rest, the hostess, by a slight pressure of the hand, indicated to her Southern guest that she desired her to pass on and up a second flight of stairs. They did so, unnoticed, and soon entered a small room in the third story, where were waiting a few friends, among them the captain and clerk of a steamboat which was expected to sail in three days for Newport News, with United States troops to re-enforce Colonel — at that point. Here appeared to be a chance, but a hazardous one, since the officers of the boat must not evince any interest in their passenger, and could afford her no assistance or

protection among the rough soldiers who would crowd every available foot of room. They must appear as good Union men, engaged in transporting troops to assist in quelling "the rebellion." In case of any rough treatment of the "rebel woman," they could only appeal to the officers in charge of the troops, and the result of such an appeal, in the present state of feeling, would be doubtful. The boat was not a passenger steamer and had only two or three small state-rooms, occupied by its officers. These might be required by the military commanders. Essie instantly and unhesitatingly decided to make the trial, and the plan was adopted. The ladies descended to the parlor, while one by one their good friends were conveyed out of the house.

A new difficulty at once arose; a friend had applied to General Scott for a pass—unsuccessfully. The precious hours were passing and failure seemed imminent. This difficulty was increased by the fact that Essie had undertaken the charge of a boy of ten, who, having lingered too long at school in Baltimore, had been cut off from his family in Norfolk, and being desperately unhappy had implored to be included in the plans formed for her. He was to pass as her brother, and, having once promised, she could not disappoint him, especially as his waking hours were spent by her side, his hand often nestling into her own, his large, wistful eyes questioning her face as if dreading to find there some evidence of hesitation or change of purpose.

One day passed. At evening, as Essie was anxiously pacing her room, her hostess hurriedly entered, exclaiming, in great agitation, "Your brother awaits you in the drawing-room. I *could not* welcome him. I *will not* see him. Only for your sake would I allow a Federal soldier to cross my threshold; but, he is your brother; go to him."

Trembling with excitement, Essie descended to the parlor, where she found her brother—a mere boy, yet, wearing the uniform of a Federal officer.

"Sister!" "Harry!" each cried, and no further greeting passed between them. The boy stood with folded arms looking proudly, yet tenderly, at his sister, all the brave ardor of a soldier who believes in the cause he serves revealed in his handsome young face. The sister sank into a chair and covered her face, that she might shut out the sight which so pained her. The interview that followed was long. Finding that her brother not only approved her determination to join her husband, but was able and willing to assist her in obtaining the necessary pass, she told him of her wish to have it in her

possession, by the next day, and received his promise to send it, if possible. He was going to "the front," and overcome by the thought that she might never see him again, the rebel sister threw her arms around his neck, while her tears fell fast upon the blue uniform, and so, with a last embrace, they parted.

The pass, embracing Mrs. —, *brother*, and child, was forthcoming next day, and on the following afternoon our heroine, with her charges, set forth, unattended, for the boat.

No sign of recognition passed between the captain and herself, as she was conducted to the upper deck and placed under the awning; soon was heard the sound of drum and fife, and a regiment of blue-coated soldiers appeared on the wharf. As she witnessed their embarkation, Essie could not repress a feeling of extreme uneasiness which increased as the officers and soldiers appeared on every side. Sitting motionless, her veil closely drawn, holding Wally upon her lap while her "brother" nestled at her side, she hoped to escape annoyance, but the boat had not long left the wharf when she found herself an object of interest and curiosity to the men who paced the deck. Her destination and sentiments were soon guessed, and many sarcastic and impertinent remarks were addressed to "Madame reb." Attempts were made to coax the children from her side, and at length she felt a sudden tug at her veil, which was displaced, revealing to the gaze of the rude crowd the face she had striven to hide. Driven to desperation she arose and made her way to the office, her face flushed with shame as rough jokes passed on every side. Addressing the clerk she said, "Is there no room which will afford me shelter for the night?" An officer who stood by, replied, "We don't keep an asylum for rebels on this boat," but the clerk (after a short consultation with another officer, who seemed almost ashamed of the kindness of heart which contrasted so finely with the rudeness of his companions,) led the way to a state-room below, small and close, but still a refuge. Here he placed the travelers, and having locked them in to prevent intrusion, left them. The children soon fell asleep on the one narrow berth, but Essie passed the long hours of the night in listening to the ceaseless noises outside, occasionally cowering out of sight as a face would appear at the little window, its owner addressing some foolish or insulting remark to the "reb" within.

Morning found the travelers at Fortress Monroe, whence after a short delay they proceeded to Newport News. Here under pretense of guarding well the "female rebel," the good clerk escorted her to

the officers' quarters. Her pass was examined closely, many questions were asked and answered. Still, the result seemed doubtful; means of transportation were wanting. The colonel in command was inclined to be suspicious and sternly unsympathetic. While Essie was standing tremblingly before those whose adverse decision would, she knew, crush all her hopes, one of the officers espied around her neck a slender black chain, and demanded to know what it held. Instantly hope returned to the poor girl as she drew from her bosom a small case enclosing the Masonic document before mentioned. As at her mother's house it was examined and returned without comment. An hour later, however, a plentiful repast was set before Essie and the children, after which a covered ambulance appeared in which was placed for her comfort, the only arm-chair the camp contained, and soon attended by an officer and a guard of Federal soldiers, the little party entered upon the last stage of their journey to the Confederate lines.

Their route lay amid scenes of desolation, sadder than anything Essie had ever dreamed of. Fields, which a few short weeks before had given promise of a rich harvest, were laid waste. Here and there, tiny columns of smoke arose from the smoldering ruins of once happy homes. The heat and dust were almost insufferable, but as the sun declined a cool breeze sprang up, and later a flood of moonlight clothed the landscape with a mystical beauty. It shone coldly on the few deserted homes, which the hand of the destroyer had spared, and to Essie it seemed that its silvery rays were like the pale fingers of a mourner who places white wreaths upon the grave of love, while in the soft wind she heard only moans and sighs.

The children slept soundly in the straw at the bottom of the ambulance, and soon the steady, monotonous tramp of the guard lulled their companion also to rest. They approached the Confederate lines just at sunrise. A flag of truce was unfurled and at once answered by an officer on picket duty. A short parley ensued. At a word of command, the Federal guard fell back and were replaced by Confederates. A moment later the adventurous wife descended, with her charges, to be greeted with an enthusiasm, tempered with the most chivalrous respect, by the "boys in gray," who proved to be members of the battalion to which her husband was attached, and who at once relieved her fears by assurances of his safety. It was a supreme moment, such as comes seldom in a life-time, and yet a time for stern self-repression. The emotions of a heart at rest, after trials so sore, were too sacred to find expression.

The young wife gazed around her in silent ecstasy. It seemed

to her that the sun had never shone so brightly, or on a scene so lovely. As she noted the manly faces and noble bearing of those who wore the gray, she felt that the purple and ermine of kings could not have clothed them half so magnificently.

And, oh! how delicious and appetizing seemed the "rations," which, though simple, were served under those green trees, with the earnest, genuine hospitality which is so well described by the term "Southern."

The camp being several miles distant, nothing remained but to wait patiently for some means of transportation. It was near sunset when the loud singing of a negro driver was heard, and there appeared a novel conveyance, consisting of a rough cart drawn by a single ox.

Rough as this conveyance appeared, Essie was informed that it was "a God-send," and she joyfully mounted the cart with her boy-friend and a soldier who had been detailed to accompany her. Wally was made supremely happy by being invited to sit upon the lap of the driver, whose characteristic songs beguiled the way as they rode for hours through the shadowy woods. Within a few miles of the camp the party were transferred to an ambulance, and just at midnight the challenge of a sentry was heard. A few moments later the now joyous wife was clasped in the arms of her husband, and surrounded by hosts of soldier friends.

A few hours of happiness were all that could be accorded to the devoted pair. A battle seemed imminent. The soldier must remain at his post. The wife with her boy proceeded to Richmond, where unbounded kindness and hospitality awaited her. Here began the realization of the dream which had haunted her while yet compelled to linger among the foes of the South. Joining at once the "noble army" of women who untiringly ministered to the sick and wounded, she entered upon the performance of a vow to devote herself to this work if only the opportunity were accorded her.

* * * * *

We will not further trace the vicissitudes which followed our heroine through the glorious years of the war.

Peace, alas! brought no healing upon her wings; no rest to the women of the South, only toil and want and utter self-abnegation, for "women's work is *never* done." Warriors who had faced death on a hundred battle-fields returned, broken-hearted and spiritless, to seek solace and strength upon the tender bosoms and in the clinging arms of the women who loved them. Little children cried for bread to widowed mothers who toiled to feed them.

FLORENCE VANE.

[Philip Pendleton Cook, of Winchester, Va., wrote the following lines long ago; and at the time of their first appearance Blackwood's Magazine, one of the most prominent periodicals of England, pronounced them the most exquisite poetical gems America had ever produced.]

I loved thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
 Hath come again;
I renew within my vision
 My heart's dear pain—
Its hopes and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,
Where thou didst hear my story
 At even told;
That spot—the hues elysian
 Of sky and plain,
I treasured in my vision,
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was a river
 Without a main;
Would I had loved thee never
 Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
 Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under;
 Alas! the day!
And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep;
The pansies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vieing,
 Never wane,
Where thy earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane.

[Written for the BIVOAC.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

In the late civil discussion between the States (North and South), Cairo, Illinois, formed the key to the Mississippi Valley, and was the gateway through which the Federal legions from the west and north-west poured into the Confederacy. Indeed, Cairo was one of the most important places in the country, and around and about it transpired some of the thrilling events, as well as some of the ludicrous incidents of the war. Of the latter class of war literature, one or two specimens are given in this paper :

During the period of 1861-1865, Cairo presented a lively and bustling appearance, and sometimes a very warlike one. Upon her streets daily strutted the gorgeous warriors of the Union, with a kind of Alexander-Hannibal carriage; the public promenades were thronged with young popinjay officers, glittering in flaming regimentals, and the ponderous paraphernalia of "glorious war," their chapeaus covering about as little brains, in many instances, as when stretched upon the hatter's block, while the ranks of blue, gleaming with guns and bayonets, were apparently everywhere. Its importance, as a base of supplies to the Mississippi valley, early drew the attention of the government, and troops were soon massed within its levees. Some very eminent men commanded the post of Cairo during the war—men who distinguished themselves as warriors, and have since become famous as statesmen.

General Prentiss was the first man who wielded military authority over Cairo. He was superseded in the command by General Grant, whose brilliant military career commenced with the disastrous (to the Union forces) battle of Belmont. Another of the post-commanders of Cairo was Colonel Boohfort, who was as vain of his new uniform as ever a peacock was of its pretty tail. His successor was General Meredith, of Indiana—a soldier and a gentleman, and a man whom the citizens of Cairo honored and admired. Of the many officers who commanded there during the war, none of them possessed more of the respect and good wishes of the people than General Meredith, while Colonel Boohfort possessed as little of them. Boohfort was a silly old crank, egotistical to the last degree, ill-natured, and vicious. He raved at everybody who was so unfortunate as to excite his indignation, and made the most terrific threats: "I'll have you shot, sir; have you shot!" or, in his more rational and sensible moments, would threaten to put them in irons. One day he had a whole company of his own regiment arrested, and, as usual, was going to have them

shot, because, in riding by their camp, he heard them singing "My Mary Ann," when it transpired that his wife answered to that name.

Upon another occasion, when he had his regiment out, drilling them, a butcher's team passing near by took fright at something, and ran away. The efforts of the driver were of no avail, and at full speed the team dashed right across the parade-grounds, Boohfort screaming at the top of his voice, "I'll have you shot! Arrest that man!" etc. It did not take the people long to discover his vanity, and while they feared and despised him, yet they soon learned that with a little fulsome flattery they could wind the old fool around their fingers. There were few, however, but rejoiced when he was succeeded by General Meredith.

In the early part of the war the *Gazette* was the leading newspaper of Cairo. The editor and proprietor was M. B. Harrell, familiarly known among his intimate friends as "Mose Harrell." He was one of the most genial, whole-souled fellows the Cairo press ever knew; a fine writer, full of wit, and bubbling over with fun and humor, but withal, he was diabolically Democratic. This fact rendered the *Gazette* an object of suspicion in military circles, and it was closely watched. One day, as Mr. Harrell sat at his editorial desk, one Colonel Buford, then in authority, stalked in followed by an orderly, and inquired for the editor. He was informed by Harrell that he answered to that title, and begged to know in what way he could serve him. Colonel Buford, looking down upon him from the lofty pinnacle of his military grandeur, much as a St. Bernard might glare down upon a black-and-tan terrier, in a voice suggestive of hissing bombs, sword whizzes, and the spluttering of fired grenade fuses, thus delivered himself: "I have this to say to you, sir, and mark me well, that there may be no misunderstanding. These are perilous times, sir; we have enemies at our front, sir, and more cowardly ones in our rear, even in our midst. Upon these latter I am resolved to lay a strong hand. I have to say to you, then, that if you publish anything in your paper that shall tend to discourage enlistment, encourage desertion, or in any manner reflect upon the war policy of the administration, I shall take possession of your office, sir, and put you in irons!"

Harrell hastened to inform him that he had no desire nor inclination to offend in that direction, and earnestly solicited him to know how he might shape his editorial labors in order to secure his approval.

"Submit your matter to me, sir; and if I find it unobjectionable I'll return it; otherwise, I'll destroy it, sir!" Then, with a "See the Conquering Hero Comes" gait and carriage, the colonel and his orderly left the office.

This was an opportunity for Harrell to exercise his wit, and he could not think of letting it pass unimproved, though the Old Capitol Prison stared him in the face. The day after the colonel's visit, and the next, and the day after that, he laid before him a great deal more selected matter than he had published in the preceding six months. He clipped columns of stuff he had no idea of ever publishing; tore out a number of leaves from the Census Report of 1860; drew heavy contributions from the stale jokes of Ayer's Medical Almanac; long, prosy editorials from the city dailies; full pages from DeBow's Statistical Review of the Southern Cotton Crop, and massive rolls of matter he felt sure nobody ever had or ever would read of their own free will and accord. This stuff was "respectfully laid before the colonel for his perusal and approval." Palpable as was the joke, the colonel did not take in the situation, but seemed to consider the whole thing right and proper. On the evenings of the first and second days the rolls of "copy" were returned stamped "Approved." The third evening the roll was returned unopened, accompanied by an explanatory note, stating that his multitudinous duties prevented him from inspecting his matter further; but he commended his patriotic course, and exhorted him to go on battling for "our glorious government," allowing the "latent minionism" of his composition to assert itself; that if he continued his good work, as he was then doing, they could not fail to get on amicably together in their military, civil, and social relations.

LA PARIERE.

[Written for the BIVOUC.

A PHILANTHROPIC FIGHT.

In the early days of Louisville, when our citizens dwelt in forts, one of their principal enjoyments was to meet in groups outside the walls for social chat. Many a story of the chase has been told by the pioneer as he sat upon a log or stump outside the gate, and many an adventure with the Indian there rehearsed. When there were visitors from a neighboring fort, they were usually entertained with a social chat at the fort gate, where the pure air and bright sunshine were enjoyed, and whence any approaching danger could readily be guarded against by promptly retiring within the walls. Here, too,

the ordinary amusements of the times, such as wrestling, running, jumping, shooting at the mark, etc., were usually indulged in and here, too, parties now and then engaged in dangerous conflicts as well as innocent sports.

In front of Fort Nelson, a fight occurred in 1783, between two prominent Louisvillians, which was of a character so singular that it has come down to us through tradition. The fort, built in 1782, stood on ground bounded by Sixth street on the east, Main on the south, Eighth on the west, and the river on the north, with its center and main gate on Seventh street. It was the most considerable of the fortifications erected by the pioneers in the West at that time, and was surrounded by a ditch as well as a double protection of pickets and walls. It had its complement of cannon as well as small arms, and although never subjected to the trial of a siege, was deemed impregnable to any assault that could be made by the enemy of that day.

The principal gate of this fort was near the intersection of Main and Seventh streets. On its front, extending from the Louisville Hotel to Seventh street, was a small pond on the banks of which were some fine forest trees which had been left for shade in clearing the field around the fort. Along the margin of this pond and beneath these shade trees were logs and stumps used for sitting places; they were worn smooth with a constant use that bespoke their popularity for this purpose.

In July, 1783, when these log-seats beneath these shade trees were very agreeable, an unusual number of persons happened to be enjoying them on the same day. There was not a vacant seat upon the logs, and every stump in the region had its occupant. Among those thus assembled and seated for the usual chat in front of the fort, were Captain John Nelson, and Captain Jacob Pyeatt. The conversation turned upon the barbarous habit of gouging and biting in fights. Examples were cited in which persons had been disfigured and maimed for life, by having an eye gouged out or an ear or nose bitten off in a fight. Most of the persons present condemned this mode of fighting, but how to remedy the evil was the question. Captain Nelson was in favor of bringing to trial and punishment in the courts, every man who thus dared to mutilate his fellow-man; but Captain Pyeatt suggested that juries would never be found to punish with deserved severity in such outrages. Finally, Captain Pyeatt suggested that one way to stop such brutality, was to raise the standard of fighting—to make it genteel for combatants to stand and knock one another like gentlemen, and odious for them to lie down and

and gouge one another like beasts. He said that gentlemen must set ruffians the example of genteel fighting, and proposed that he and Captain Nelson should engage in a fight of blows dealt, standing, with the hands and fists, as an example to be followed by others, who must fight and could not be persuaded from it.

Captain Nelson did not exactly relish the philanthropic proposition of Captain Pyeatt. He said he was willing to do anything in reason to prevent the brutality of fighting, but did not feel called upon to have himself battered and bruised as an example. Nor did he see that there was any assurance that such an example would be followed by others of less refinement in the belligerent art. Finally, he gave Captain Pyeatt to understand that he considered his proposal about as barbarous as the evil it was intended to remedy.

This insinuation of Captain Nelson made Captain Pyeatt furious, and without another word he made at Nelson, with his right hand clenched to strike, and his left in position to defend. Nelson was so much surprised that he received the fist of Pyeatt in his face before he thought of what was coming, and went staggering back toward the pond. He soon, however, recovered from the blow, and by the time that Pyeatt was ready to deal another, Nelson was ready, not to receive it, but instead thereof gave Pyeatt a stunner in his own face. Pyeatt went reeling back and fell to the ground. Nelson waited for him to get up and come again, and, as he did so, Nelson gradually backed and kept planting blows in the face of Pyeatt until his features were beaten, and swollen, and bloodied beyond recognition. Unbeknown to Pyeatt, Nelson was an expert boxer. He had been a fifer in the Revolutionary war, and when there was no need of his music, he and the drummer used to practice boxing. The skill thus acquired now enabled him to pound the face of Pyeatt into a jelly without getting hurt himself, after the first blow, which he had not anticipated.

But Nelson, in practicing his art upon Pyeatt, backed a little too far, and came upon the edge of the pond in his rear. One of his feet having gone down the bank of the pond, there was no stopping his descent. Down he went, backwards, and fell upon his back in the mud, which had been left on the bottom of the pond by the evaporation of the water during the summer heat, and now worked into mortar by the wallowing of the hogs. He had to turn over before he could rise, and in so doing literally plastered himself all over with the mud. When he arose from the pond he was the most ludicrous-looking object imaginable. He was covered from head to foot, and

as full of wrath as of mud. If he could have again gotten at Pyeatt there is no telling what might have come of the next blow he would have dealt; but the fight ended with the coating of mud he had gotten. All the bystanders were laughing at his singular appearance, and Pyeatt himself, though suffering from his bruises, had to join in the laugh.

Nelson, finally comprehending the situation, and feeling mortified at his own appearance, made for home to change his clothes. And now the thought came to him, that the clothes thus covered with mud were a new suit he had just gotten from the store of Daniel Broadhead, and then for the first time worn. The clothes were ruined, and that was worse than if he had gotten the worst instead of the best of the fight. A brand new suit of clothes ruined, and all for the impertinent folly of a mock philanthropist who wanted to make a fight in the interest of humanity and gentility! The more he thought of it the more he lamented his new suit, and he determined to punish the author of his woes by a prosecution in court. As soon as he could see his lawyer he brought suit against Pyeatt for assault and battery. The declaration stated that Pyeatt "did beat, wound, and evilly treat him, so that his life was greatly despaired of;" and the damage was laid at five hundred dollars; but nothing was said about the suit of clothes.

When the case came on for trial Christopher Greenup, the attorney for Nelson, made the best show he could, and dwelt pathetically upon the new suit of clothes ruined in the fight. Alexander Scott defended Pyeatt. He admitted that the suit of clothes, fresh from the tailor, was a great loss, but said no claim was set up for their loss in the declaration, and there was an end of it. As to the beating, etc., Pyeatt had gotten far the worst of it, and whether right or wrong, he had in good faith made the fight in the interest of humanity, and ought not now to be punished for it further than the beating he had already gotten. The jury seemed to take Attorney Scott's view of the case, and after being out a few moments returned a verdict of one penny in damages.

THE list of new subscribers since November 1st, is omitted for want of space. It is greater than ever before; one agent at New Orleans, Mrs. Fannie A. Beers, having gotten sixty during November. Our friends are asked to send us the names of those who would make good agents. They will help us, and will be liberally paid for their trouble. Write for terms and outfit.

Youths' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

How the present writer got possession of the diary of the bold guerrilla boy, Samuel R. Buster by name, it matters not. It is offered as a contribution to the material out of which the true history of the great civil war may be gathered and written in some distant age by that great New Zealand chieftain, whose advent Macaulay foretells:

DIARY.

January 1, 1864. I heard to-day in town that the conscript-officer has been inquiring as to my age. As I was eighteen years old last July, and some kind friend may tell on me (people that stay at home are so anxious for other people to be sent to the army and get killed), I have about made up my mind to leave home. They tell me, if the conscript-officer gets a man, he sends him to Richmond, and they put him in the Stonewall Brigade where he is almost sure to get killed. Now, I ain't afraid to die for my country, but I want to have a chance shown me. I have been hearing a good deal of Captain Jumper's company of guerrillas and I think I will go and join it. I heard to-day that Jimmy Simpson was at home, and as he belongs to Captain Jumper's company, I think I will go and see him to-morrow and hear all about the guerrillas.

January 2. I have been over to see Jimmy. He tells me that it would be the very best thing I could do to join his company. He says he don't have to camp out, but boards at a house; and whenever the captain wants to make a fight (or raid, as he calls it), he sends word to his men, and they meet him at a place he fixes on, and they go and attack the Yankees, and then come back again. Now, I want to serve my country, but I don't see any use of sleeping on the ground, especially in these cold winter nights. Sleeping on the ground is not going to end this war. Killing Yankees is the way to do it, and Jim tells me that Captain Jumper and his company have killed as high as ten Yankees apiece in one month, and that wasn't a busy month, either. I am going to start with Jim to-morrow.

January 12. I got to Captain Jumper's headquarters yesterday,

and have joined his company. I started from home with a good horse, two suits of clothes, and a pistol, which I bought from Jim, as he had two pistols which he said he had gotten from Yankees that he had killed. Jim said it wasn't any use to have a saber, as they generally dropped a Yankee with a pistol-shot before they got up to him, and so the guerrillas didn't carry sabers at all. I have engaged board at the widow Morrison's, where Jim boards also. The widow has a devilish pretty daughter. Her name is Sallie. Jim says half of Captain Jumper's company are in love with her. She has black eyes, black hair, and her eyes and teeth are as shiny as a looking-glass. She is a desperate Southerner, and she says that every man, woman, and child ought to die rather than give up to the Yankees.

Since I heard her talk, I am certainly glad to have come and joined the soldiers, and I mean to do my duty as well as any other man in the army. When a man comes to think of it, what is the use of living if you are not free? We are not put in this world for a long time, and why not be as free as we can while we are here? A man would be a perfect dog if he wouldn't be willing to die to free his country. Death is not half as bad a thing as slavery; and what is to become of the poor, helpless women if the Yankees conquer us? They can't fight for themselves, and we men must protect them. I, for one, will fight for them as long as I have a drop of blood left in my veins. I am anxious to try my pistol on these Yankees; so I told the captain to be sure to send for me to go with him on the very next raid.

January 15. I have just come back from my first raid. Last night, Jim and I got a message from the captain to meet him and some others of the company at Hart's blacksmith shop, and to come prepared for work. So, early this morning, Jim and I got our breakfast and soon were on our horses. Just as we mounted, Miss Sallie came out and said: "Mr. Buster, this is your first raid; don't let the Yankees see your back. Die on the glorious field of battle rather than run, and if you die doing your duty, I promise you to plant flowers on your grave as long as I live! and as a pledge that I will recollect you, wear this ribbon in your button-hole." With that she handed me a piece of red ribbon, with which she had tied up her hair.

I felt kind of sickish about the stomach when she talked about my grave, but I suppose it came from my getting up so early and feeling so weak. I took her ribbon, tied it in my button-hole, and swore to her I would be a good soldier. We then rode off and soon got to Hurl's shop, where we found the captain and twenty others waiting. We set out then at a good trot, and soon left the shop far behind.

The Yankee army was encamped about twenty miles from us, but the railroad station where their provisions were stored, was only ten miles off. I soon found out from some of the party, that we were going to post ourselves between the camp and the station, in order to capture any detachments that might be going forward. The sun was shining brightly, everything around was quiet, our fellows talked so lively about "bagging the Yankees," and my horse moved so strong under me, that I felt in first-rate spirits, and wanted to meet a Yankee every minute. Every now and then I took my pistol out of the hostler, tried the cock to see whether it was all right, and leveled it at sheep and cows as I passed by them.

After we had gone some distance, the captain, followed by us, turned out of the road, rode across a field and entered a woods. We rode through this, and across another field into a second woods. We rode in this way for about half an hour, from one woods to another, until we at last got into a dense pine woods, where the trees grew so close together that we could barely pass along in single file. Just before we got to these woods, Jim whispered to me to keep very quiet as the road where the Yankees would pass was just the other side of this pine woods. After he told me this, I thought my horse went a little lame; so I got down to see whether he had lost a shoe; however, I found all right, and I leaped on him and galloped after the party; and as I thought the fellows might not like me to pass them, I fell in the rear. We rode through the woods carefully, moving the branches aside, and avoiding the rocks so as to make as little noise as possible. Finally, the captain halted and passed the word down the line for us to close up to him. I didn't understand the order at first, and so stood still; but Jim turned around and beckoned me to come forward, so I rode up to him. I found now, that we were near the edge of the pine woods, and could see the road, which was about ten yards beyond the pines. We could see both up and down the road for about half a mile, but no Yankee was in sight and all was as still as death.

We sat on our horses a long time, watching the road; it seemed to me we were there about four hours, but Jim told me afterwards that we didn't wait more than half an hour. Just after we all halted and closed up, the captain said that one of us must go back and watch the other side of the pines in order to prevent any enemy getting in our rear. As I thought there would be more danger in the rear, where one man would have to stand all that came, I offered to go back; but the captain said he wanted me near him, so he sent

another man. After sitting still awhile, it seemed to me my saddle was loose; so I got down to tighten the girth, but found it all right. I mounted again, and pulled out my pistol in order to be ready for any sudden attack. Everything was as still as death, and a man had plenty of chance to think, as no one was allowed to talk. I thought of my mother and sisters and friends, and wondered whether I would ever see them again. Suppose I were to get killed in this fight, they wouldn't ever know where I had died. It was certain to be a bloody fight, for the fellows said the captain was going to attack any force that came along.

Looking down I saw the red ribbon flying from my button-hole. I recollected then that I had heard red was a color that could be seen at a great distance. So, in order to prevent the Yankees from having a chance to see our party before we broke out on them, I untied the ribbon and put it in my pocket. Besides, I thought it more complimentary to Miss Sallie, to wear her keep-sake in my pocket next to my heart. While putting it in my pocket, I recollected having heard that many a soldier's life had been saved, by having a Testament in the pocket over his heart. Thinking that it was no cowardice for a soldier to take every precaution to save his life, I hunted my pockets for my Testament, but found I had left the confounded book in my room. However, I found my pocket-book which was stuffed with Confederate money; so I rammed that down my left pocket.

I then took a look at my spurs to see if they were all right, thinking that I might have to use them right sharply if we ran the Yankees far; and, in case of their beating us and our having to retreat, I thought it best to be prepared to retreat as rapidly as possible. They looked very shiny and very sharp, and I thought they would carry me through in any case.

Just then, I heard the captain whisper, "Here they come!" My sakes! how my heart jumped! This was my first fight, and I was so eager to kill a Yankee! I looked up the road and expected to see a regiment of Yankee soldiers coming, but saw nothing but a two-horse wagon, and two Yankees riding in front of it. I wasn't used to the life of a guerrilla then. Afterwards I found that we would sometimes go a month without seeing more than two or three Yankees at a time.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Written for the BIVOUC.]

COLONEL BLUFF.

Mr. Bluff, before the war, was a local politician of prominence. He was generally selected to preside over county conventions, and when the delegates met at the State Capital he, as chairman, usually cast the vote of the county. He was authority upon matters of party platform and was often spoken of in the county paper as a probable candidate for Congress. With such a standing, it was quite natural for Mr. Bluff, when the war broke out, to feel called upon to raise a regiment.

So at Oak Grove, his stately home, soon there was heard the clanking of spurs and the rattling of sabers. Fiery steeds rushed in and out the front gate bearing the choice spirits of the county on war intent. Soon a regiment was enlisted, and Mr. Bluff was commissioned its commanding officer with a colonel's commission.

There were numerous details to be attended to before all this could be done, and one, of not the least importance, was the purchase of a proper war-horse for the colonel. This was by no means an easy task. Our hero weighed a little short of three hundred pounds, avoirdupois; and it consequently took a horse of mammoth species, to bear him gracefully and securely. After ransacking the congressional district for weeks, a pair of animals of the required build and action was procured, and orders were issued to find several more of like character, in order to meet all the contingencies of war.

The colonel being at last suitably mounted, the commissary department well provided with bacon, whisky, and tobacco; it was time to think of small matters. There were teams to be bought for hauling the officers' trunks, ambulances for foraging purposes, and brandy and opium for the medical department.

There was some danger of the whisky giving out before the field was reached. Strangers were constantly arriving at the house of the quartermaster with horses for sale. The man who attended the door, invited each new comer to taste of something; the polite clerk in the next chamber pointed significantly at a demijohn on a side table; and when the head man's office was reached the bargain was clinched over the contents of a jug. Horses were bought at all prices, and the command was soon finely mounted and equipped. At last everything was ready. The bugle call was blown, the squadrons marshaled, and the colonel followed by a troop of orderlies burst upon the scene, on his equine giant. Arrayed in full panoply, sword, but-

tons, and plume, his gay mastodon cantering along the village street, he looked the very genius of war.

For weeks all things wore a rosy hue. At every encampment, the country people brought presents of generous cheer, and girls came to see their old sweet-hearts and hunt new ones. There were riding-parties, and dancing-parties; and the regiment seemed to be on a perpetual picnic. One day, a courier came dashing into camp at break-neck speed. Hardly had he reached the colonel's tent, before half the regiment had gathered around and were trying to get inside, to hear the news. Presently it flashed forth that a man on picket had been shot at and his horse wounded. There was great excitement. In a short time the hero of the adventure arrived. A crowd attended him to headquarters, and for two hours he was closeted with the colonel. What occurred there has never been disclosed, but certain it is from that day Colonel Bluff was a changed man. There was no more foolishness; from reveille to taps, it was drill, drill, company, squadron, and regimental. Colonel Bluff said he would be — if he wouldn't be ready for the — scoundrels! Everything, he said, should be in apple-pie order; there should be no straggling, flanking, or dodging, and more, there should be no cursing, or swearing, or drunkenness. One day, a man near his tent, was heard using words unbecoming a gentleman. Colonel Bluff had the culprit straightway arrested and brought to the tent door.

After administering a withering rebuke for the immorality of the act, the colonel said: "Have you not heard of the general order, sir, forbidding such disgraceful conduct in *my* regiment? O! you have, have you? How dare you, sir, to do it then, sir, almost within my presence, you — — rascal, you. Away with him to the guard-house for twenty-four hours!" Shortly afterwards on a reconnoissance, when a day's journey from the commissary train, and when the canteens of the couriers and staff were empty, a man was brought to him who had overstayed his leave.

The colonel being hungry and thirsty was yearning for a victim.

"You — straggling shirk, take yourself off before I — What have you got in your canteen?"

"Why, colonel," said the man, "I was thinking you might be dry and —"

"And so you thought of me, did you?" said Colonel Bluff, taking a swig at the canteen. "Well, there is no harm in you. Fall in." And so the days went by; an occasional picket fight furnishing material for excitement, and rumors of heavy columns of Federals slowly

approaching, keeping expectation on tip-toe. But Colonel Bluff was getting ready.

With wise forecast, he was organizing and drilling his men, forming of new recruits, a compact, well-disciplined body. It was not long before quite a heavy column of Federal cavalry arrived to pay their respects. They came in the daytime, but they came like a thief in the night.

Nobody was ready but the colonel. He had been expecting them ever since the rider of the wounded horse had stopped at his tent a month before. There was a hurried running to and fro. The call to saddle up was quickly answered; and in a twinkling, Colonel Bluff at the head of the regiment, was on the road.

At sight of the on-coming foe, Colonel Bluff cried, "Close up," and the first volley of his advance had no effect upon the serried mass of drawn sabers that came nearer and nearer. "Charge 'em, boys!" cried the colonel, and away went the Confederates with a yell. The commanding officer felt that coolness was above all things necessary. He waited to see the effect of the charge and, like a wise general, though assured of victory began to calculate the probabilities of a defeat. He surveyed the features of the country on his right, left, and rear. Just then a flanking squadron of blue coats emerged from under cover of the woods on the opposite hill and swooped down upon the flank of the charging column. Old Roanoke, his eighteen hands horse, gracefully stepped over a post and rail fence, and made for the brush. The colonel did his best to hold him, but old Roanoke had gotten the bit between his teeth and thundered along with the destructive power of a cyclone. The colonel heard behind him the roar of the conflict and knew his brave fellows were meeting stroke with stroke, but old Roanoke had taken the affair in his own hand, and was for the time being metaphorically in command of the regiment. The old rascal rushed through the brush, tore down a hill sloping towards the rear and stepping over a worm fence, got into a road leading into the main one and made for camp. At this moment, another personage appeared upon the scene. It was Major Paunch, the quartermaster of the regiment. He was not so tall but somewhat broader than the colonel. The two had run the party machine of their county for years, and had formed a mutual admiration society that was well nigh a close corporation. Major Paunch was sly. He prided himself upon being "devilish sly." He had come out to see the fight and was at the forks of the road when the row began; he could not go back for the road was full of brave

fellows rushing to the fray; he did not care to go forward for that course might prove still more unpleasant. So, he bowled along down the road the colonel was on; and at sight of that gallant officer and old Roanoke, he thought "Indians about" and held up to wheel his horse. It was too late. Old Roanoke struck the over-fed animal in the flank; and horses and riders lay sprawled in the dirt. By the time they were remounted, they heard shouts of victory. The colonel got back in the road in time to join the rear of the pursuing Confederates. Every man now was striving to be foremost and the colonel with drawn saber moved rapidly towards the front. As he neared the blue coats he discovered they were a broken mass of fugitives; he redoubled his speed and was soon among them.

The victory was complete. More than one hundred prisoners were taken and the spoils were, in the eyes of new recruits, immense.

The colonel's praises were on every tongue, and so profuse and sincere were the congratulations of all that if he had not laid eyes on the quartermaster occasionally, he would have persuaded himself that he was a real hero. At times he did think so, and was proud of showing himself in public. One day his regiment was camped near an infantry division. He must needs put on his finery and with an orderly gallop by to stun the beholders. "Poor fellows," said he, as he looked over the fence, "how poor their quarters are." As he passed, first one, then another ran to the fence to look at him.

"Run boys, run," said one, "here comes the father of all the cavalry."

"The impertinent rascal," said Colonel Bluff, spurring up old Roanoke. A little further on he noticed that some of the men looked hungry. He swore it was a shame to starve such fellows.

"Boys," said one, pointing at the Falstaffian figure of our hero, "look, there's where all our rations go."

This stamped out all sympathy, and he remarked at the same time that he dug the spurs in old Roanoke's side, "What a dirty lot of d—n blackguards they are to be sure." When he was nearly past the camp one man delivered a parting shot.

"There goes the fellow that swallowed our bass drum!"

This was a settler. Ever after that Colonel Bluff gave the infantry a wide berth.

Co. D.

Taps.

THE WAR DUDE.—The dude is by no means a product of peace only. Indeed, it may be said of them that during war they most abound. A dude of peace is no more to be compared to one of war than a neat yacht to a magnificent ironclad, resplendent with all the pomp and circumstance of war.

They were sure enough "mashers." We recall one so gorgeous with martial trappings that he shone like the emperor of all the Russias. He not only parted his hair in the middle, but also the mane and tail of his horse. Instead of a cane, he wore a sword of delicate steel, concealed in a scabbard that glittered with ornament. There was one class of dudes, then, which soldiers could never abide. It was the one of the stove-pipe hat and the snowy-white shirt. Upon one occasion a specimen of this kind got off a train in Georgia where happened to be encamped some grim and ragged veterans. As he stood on the platform, the soldiers silently gathered around, staring as if they had found a sea-monster. Presently one of them was bold enough to say: "Mister, was you rose about here, or did you come out of a drove?"

DARKY REMINISCENCES.—"Sam," said a Confederate the other day to a negro in his employment, "were you in the army during the war?"

"Yes, *sir*, a little longer than I keered to be."

"Were you ever in a fight?"

"Lots of 'em."

"Which side whipped in your fights?"

"Well," said he resting on his spade and looking away off, "I kin hardly tell. My rигiment was mostly overpowered when we fit."

"What was the cause of that?"

"Dunno. The rebs seemed to cover the yearth, and when they yelled it was awful."

"Were you ever wounded?"

"No, *sir*; and I never intended to be. Wounded? No, indeed, *sir*. I'd rather been killed stone dead than had them sturgeons cuttin' and slashin' at me!"

Editorial.

THE news of the last month may be easily summarized: The downfall of Mahone and Butler; a chapter of accidents and murders; a limited number of cyclones and the snubbing of the Prince of Wales by Mary Anderson; the trial of Crumbaugh at Washington, and the certain election of Carlisle or Randall to the speakership of the Lower House. The last has been the most absorbing topic of the press, and the election of speaker seems to be of equal importance with that of the President. This proves that the corrupting power of official patronage is growing, and is a bad sign.

THE recent award, by the Southern Exposition, of the newspaper prize to the *Greenville Advocate*, of Alabama, was richly deserved. The trade issue which won it was, we believe, from the pen of Mrs. L. P. Henry. It was a marvel of literary art. To clothe, in attractive forms of speech, pretty thoughts, is nothing compared to the Herculean task of hiding the dull facts of business beneath the flowers of rhetoric. Perhaps it only shows that all truth, when distilled in the alembic of an acute and refined mind, comes forth, like Minerva, full-armed and radiant with beauty. It was a triumph of genius, and of a genius which conquers by good works.

IN the north-eastern section of West Virginia, on the head waters of the Potomac, is the county of Hampshire. In a latitude about that of Indianapolis, it was the local point where a prevailing Confederate sentiment penetrated furthest north. Romney, the scene of Jackson's only apparent failure, is the county-seat. It is a region of bleak mountains and fertile valleys. So true were the hearts of the people to the Confederacy throughout the war, hemmed in as they were by Union districts, that this county may be termed the salient out-post of the South in that struggle. It is a region eminently fitted by nature to inspire a love of personal liberty in its inhabitants. It is traversed by wild ranges, whose rude grandeur strikingly contrasts with the repose of the well tilled vales they shut in. The wooded ridges resound with the roar of mimic torrents, which, pouring through winding hollows, meet in dells below, and with their united strength form grace-

ful streams. These, swelling as they go, soon pass through alluvial valleys of romantic beauty.

The principal stream is the South Branch of the Potomac, whose narrow bottoms are noted far and wide for their fertility. Its winding mead seems at times almost hidden in the embrace of overtopping hills, when again it widens and reveals a broad expanse of level plain.

Along its picturesque banks Washington, as a youthful surveyor, learned his first lessons in frontier life; here, doubtless, his native love of freedom took strengthening draughts from contact with the bold and varied features of the landscape.

Before the war the mass of the people of Hampshire were non-slave-holding, and very conservative in politics. But when the war-cloud burst they chose their side and stuck to it with heroic constancy. Almost from the beginning of the conflict the county was overrun by Federal troops. By these it was held in nominal subjection. That is, it was held down very much as the bull's hide was by the man who stood upon it, only the part his feet were on being suppressed, while the rest rose around him. Where the Federal camp was pitched, there was submission; but the mountains in sight teemed with daring bushwhackers.

In the winter of 1863 Peter Poland, an aged citizen of Hampshire, visited a Confederate camp. He wore a hunting shirt of home-spun, and carried a squirrel rifle. "How long, Mr. Poland," said a soldier, "do you think our side can hold out." "Well," said he, "they may take the cities and perhaps the lowlands, but we can bushwhack them for forty years."

Such was the spirit which animated the soldiers of Hampshire, and though exiles from their homes, they, with patient fortitude, followed the flag of their adoption till it went down at Appomattox.

On the 5th of September last, a re-union of Hampshire soldiers was held "to show respect to the memory of her heroes gone before." A permanent association was organized under the name of "Society of ex-Confederate Soldiers in Hampshire County." Isaac T. Brady was elected President, and Colonel Alex. Monroe, B. F. McDonald, and Dr. R. W. Dailey, Vice-presidents; R. J. Pugh, Recording Secretary; S. L. Flournoy, Corresponding Secretary; Jos. A. Pancake, Treasurer; Rev. J. W. Finley, Chaplain.

One hundred and thirty names were enrolled, and the enthusiasm was characteristic. At twelve o'clock the veterans sat down to a tempting repast, provided by the ladies, and showed that a long peace

had not dulled the keenness of their war appetites. Some of them ate as in days gone by, "when they hadn't had anything to eat for three days." After dinner, stirring addresses were delivered by Rev. G. W. Finley, Colonel Monroe, S. L. Flournoy, and C. C. Watts.

THE defeat of Mahone in Virginia is gratifying. It assures us that unscrupulous bosses can not successfully organize the negroes and the rabble whites, against the respectable elements of society. Blood is thicker than water. This was shown in the dark days that followed the end of the war. The confiscation party, under Thaddeus Stephens, might have permanently widened the sectional breach could the white Union soldiers have been brought to side with the negro. But no matter what were the orders when the crisis came they affiliated with their own race. It is true now of the Northern masses of both parties, that they will never sustain in power leaders who plot to use the negroes for the oppression of the whites. The negro must abide where nature puts him, or she will vindicate her supremacy in the civil as in the physical world, whenever her laws are violated.

PERHAPS nothing more clearly reveals the popular respect for science than the speedy acquiescence of the public in the readjustment of "old Father Time."

The story of the robber Procrustes, who with force shortened or lengthened his captives to fit the same bed, has a new application. The round earth is re-surveyed, meridians are abolished, except for favored spots, and all at a certain distance from these are forced under the same. The subject is a tough one, and none but a scientist can do justice to it. The most lucid explanation we have heard was from an old gentleman, who took the spectacles off his nose to illuminate the inquiring mind of a lady. Said he: "It is another step of progress. By the new schedule, eighteen minutes are gained in the universe. You can thus have breakfast earlier when it seems to be later, or later when it is in fact earlier."

On every tongue is praise of the business-energy of the South, and of its rapid advances in material development. The land of the burning sun is full of bustle, and its hot breezes but serve to blow into a flame the sparks of industrial life. It is well to be up and doing, but there are some things more essential to national health than full barns and stupendous factories.

Let us not forget the breed of noble blood. Many say, "We have turned our backs on the past. Opinions and sentiments are false friends. Nothing is real but property and money."

The war, indeed, was a curse, if it has brought us to this. Time was when gold could not purchase rank in society, politics, and religion. It is so no longer. A mad desire for riches possesses the country. Public opinion, like Nebuchadnezzar, has set up a golden image and nearly all bow down to it. The few who adhere to the old standard are hermits. The old are more miserly; and the youth, insolently selfish, have their faces set, like flint, toward the fickle goddess. Carlyle says the natural result of such popular tendencies is to inaugurate Pandemonium.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT CHICKAMAUGA.

A few ex-Confederates at Frankfort, Ky., are about to remove the Franklin county dead from the battle-field of Chickamauga, and re-inter them in the cemetery at Franklin. This is a move in the right direction. The writer was at Chickamauga in December, 1881, and visited the graveyard of Helm's brigade, where now repose ten or fifteen of that command. He was surprised to find traces of so few, having been misled by newspaper publication.

Directly after the war, Mr. Charles Hebst, of the Second Kentucky, following the dictates of a lofty patriotism, revisited the scene of the conflict, with the purpose of erecting head-boards to our fallen comrades. This he did, though not without great difficulty. The boys had been buried together, and rude head-boards placed over them. All were in a state of decay, and some had only the names or initials written in pencil, without company or regiment.

By consulting the company rolls, he finally succeeded in identifying the remains, and, I think, reported what he had done to some who were thinking of taking up all the bodies and burying them by the side of their beloved commander, General Ben Hardin, at Atlanta. But the expense was great, and the Confederates were too poor to carry it out. Since that time, many persons have removed their own dead relatives slain there, and now only about ten or fifteen remain. It is hoped that an effort will soon be made to gather the small remnant and bury them on Kentucky soil. Why not co-operate with the parties in Frankfort? If any one wishes to contribute to the expense of removal, they can send it to either Judge R. A. Thompson, W. L. Jett, or James G. Crockett, all of Frankfort.

J. H. W.

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Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

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